The CASE is ALTERED,

OR,

A diſcourſe between the Ghoſt of this Grand Traytor and Tyrant *Oliver Cromwel*, and Sir reverence, my Lady *Joan*, his wife, at their late meeting neer the Scaffold on Tower-hill.

WITH

His Epitaph written in Hell, on all the grand Traytors, now in the Tower.

London, Printed for *John Andrew* at the White Lyon near *Pie*-Corner. 1660.

The CASE is ALTERED,

OR,

A diſcourſe between the Ghoſt of that grand Tyrant and Traytor, *Oliver Cromwel*, and Sir reverence my Lady *Joan* his wife.

Joan.

WAlking *over* Tower-hill *near about the place where* Sendercome *was buried, I ſaw an apparition appear, Lord quoth I what is here!*

Noll. Thy Lord, ſweet heart, and Queen *Joan*, the Old Dragon late Lord Protector.

Joan. *What* Oliver *my dear friend, In the name of the twelve grand jury Traytors, what comes thou here for.*

Noll. Why truely I come about ſeveral accounts now, The firſt was to know what ſtrange alterations have been here, ſince I departed my late reprobate vale of Tyranny. And another thing was to know what was become of my dear Imps, the two Princes *Richard* and *Henry*.

Joan. *As for the two Princes, I ſhall relate their fall, proceeding of their misfortune, by and by, but the product*

will prove as ſad a ſtory, as the fall of Jehew, *or* Balthazar, *but pray tell me firſt what is the reaſon of this your ſolentary walking here.*

Noll. Why truly part is in regard of decenſions, which is alwayes riſing between the Devil and I, whereupon I do intend for to ſtreak out and appoint a place where *Haſlerigs* bones, *Scot*, and *Vanes*, ſhall be intered, for abſolutely if they would diſpatch and come away, with their advice and my own, we could uſurp a power from the Devil, and live in a corner by our ſelves, without interruption.

Joan. *Why cannot you deal with him now?*

Noll. No, no, *Bradſhaw* and I cannot, for all we have dealt with him ſo much as we have.

Joan. *Well, I ſhall tell them what you ſay, for I think I ſhall go to the* Tower *ere long.*

Noll. Ah, but not to continue there, poor *Joan*, muſt ye?

Joan. *Yes truely, there I believe, or elſe in* Bride-well.

Noll. Why? you were never accеſſary to any of my horrid Villanies, were ye?

Joan. *No thats true, but part of your venom lighted upon my tongue, and 'twas never wipt off yet, nor never will to my dying day.*

Noll. Why? what haſt thou ſaid to any of them all?

Joan. *Nothing but true honeſt preſumptuous words. That your ſon King* Richard *the fourth, had moſt right to wear the Crown of theſe three Kingdoms.*

Noll. Wear a Crown, wear a halter, I know he was never capable ont.

Joan. *Why did you think ſo, had not he a great many of your deviliſh parts in him.*

Noll. No, no, nor deveiliſh brains neither, for if he'd had, he might a run the deſtruction of City and Country, as well as I did, and lived like a Tyrant, though he had died like a dog.

Joan. *Aye truely* Noll, *had he but a took your courſe, we had all lived in a brave, ſweet, diabolical condition; ſo long as we had three captivitated Kingdoms to rob and impoveriſh,*

whom

whom you left him heir of, and General of all the Armies, though I muſt confeſſe he knew no more how to govern them then did a dog.

Noll. Aye thou ſayſt true, *Jug* he had more mind to his Dogs and his Haucks, then he had to be a Tyrannical Protector, like me.

Joan. *But indeed* Noll *he was led by the noſe, like an ape in a ſtring, by that Schiſmatick,* Judas *fati* Fleetwood, *who run his own ruine by it, taking ſo much rope, that he hang'd himſelf at laſt; and thus were we poor reprobates daſht out of countenance, ſcoft, ſcorn'd, and derided, and even ſtunck in the noſtrils of all ſober minded people, worſe then your wretched corps, did at the imbalming.*

Noll. O but how did I roar at the news, when I heard that righteouſneſſe ſhould take place, it pierced my eares worſe then an augor, that even Hell gates did tremble.

Joan. *But how came the news thither ſo ſoon.*

Noll. Why, had not they evil ſpirits enough about them to carry it.

Joan. *But what would you have done* Noll, *had you been there then at that time.*

Nol. I would have paved my way to the Houſe with their ſculs.

Joan. *Alas poor dog of Ægypt.*

Noll. But who rul'd the ſword of vengeance then, when my Imps was diſcarded?

Joan. *O the* Rump *came tumbling in like mad, and ſat in the night times a great while.*

Noll. Why did they ſit in the night?

Joan. *Becauſe they were aſhamed to ſit in the day.*

Noll. Who brought them into their former rebellion?

Joan. *O it was* Lambert *running headlong as if he would break his neck.*

Noll. Altogether had been no great matter, but did they continue long there.

Joan. *No, no, he preſently turned them out again, and began to ſet for himſelf.*

Noll.

Noll. O brave *Lambert* the Devil play his part bravely in him, to be for um and gainſt um too, but who rul'd the miſchief after *Lambert*.

Joan. *O a Committee of Safety all-weathers.*

Noll. Ha boyes, they were a ſafe Committee indeed.

Joan. *No, not ſo ſafe neither, for they were preſently turned out agen.*

Noll. Then it ſeems the Devil plaid his part, amongſt my brethren bravely.

Joan. *Aye truly* Noll, *and amongſt your Children too, as I my ſelf.*

Noll. But where was your den of ſedition then all that while, the honeſt hypocrites were hatching vilanies.

Joan. *O I was at home at my own Joynture at the Cock-pit.*

Noll. And why did you not continue there?

Joan. *Truely ſo I would* Noll, *but the Secluded Members came in, and they told me it was none of my own, and turned me cleanly out out of doors at laſt, neither did they give me as much homage as they might have given to an ordinary Dutcheſſe.*

Noll. Alas poor Queen, but what did the Rump do when they went to *Portſmouth*?

Joan. *O they ſtole up preſently agen, and ſate agen.*

Noll. O fie talk no more, talk no more of this, for I think I hear my bones crackle in the old cheſt, to think I had not been amongſt them in ſuch a fine vilenous ſport.

Joan. *O* Oliver *you had a good turn on't, that the Devil fetcht you away ſo ſoon as he did, before theſe ſad dayes had come to paſſe.*

Noll. Aye truly *Jugg*, and if a had fetcht thee too it had not been a hapeth of harme, then thou ſhouldſt a been rid from this calamity, but prethee whether be all thoſe reverence, diſcreet Rumpers gone, the Devils Competidors.

Joan, *Alas, moſt of them be tabled in the Tower, and each of them have a couple of Muſket-tears honourably to attend*

attend them at their Chamber doors, ſecure enough Ile warrant you.

Noll. Pray who are the Capitals of them.

Joan. *Why truly tis* Antrim, Haſlerig, *and* Vane.

Noll. O brave politicall worthy Traytors, all fitting to live in a Commonwealth, and able to deſtroy it in one half year.

Joan. *Nay, they did intend to do it in leſſe then a month, for had they ſet the three Kingdoms together in another war, under pretence of Religion, their deſignes had been accompliſht.*

Noll. And why were they not?

Joan. *Becauſe the Devil brought out their deſignes ſo ſpeedily.*

Noll. The reaſon was, becauſe he could ſtay no longer without their company.

Joan. *But who would you have now to Preach their Funerall Sermons.*

Noll. O Parſon *Peters* my own Divine, that ſent me headlong to the Devil, and can he not as well ſend them? yes faith, Ile warrant ye.

Joan *Nay truly I verily believe that he is a coming along with them.*

Noll. Not unlikely truly, for he doth deſerve the place as well as the beſt of them.

Joan. *But where will you appoint a place to bury their corps in.*

Noll. On the middle of little Tower-hill.

Joan. *And why there, on Tower-hill?*

Noll. Becauſe they ſhall not anoy any other good people in the Church-yard.

Joan. *Pray will ye ordain the Epitaphs which are moſt meet and ſuitable for ſuch a brave, prophane, irreligious honourable ſociety.*

Noll. Yes that I will, for my conſcience within me commands me to aſſiſt any of my reprobated ſons of perdition, and they ſhall be theſe as followeth.

The

The Epitaphs.

HEre lyes the Earl of Antrim whose tongue
Have bloody grand conspiracies begun,
Brought up in Ireland but was born a Scot,
Whose hands perpetually contriv'd to plot,
For all his acts and horrid Villany,
A shamefull death in this same place did die.

HEre lyes the body of Hasserig, the late
Grand Traytor to his King, both Church and State.
Most impirous Vilane Tyranised ore,
Three stately Kingdoms, twenty years and more:
Murthered his Prince, and all his honours blast,
For which due recompence will hang at last.

HEre lyes the body of Henry Vane we know,
Proud Traytor to his King and Country too,
The Rumpships title lately did invent,
But term'd themselves a stately Parliament.
Reproach and baseneſſe be'le bring to his grave,
Who liv'd like a Tyrant and died like a Knave.

NOw I old Oliver have got such fame,
That Rolls of Infamy record my name,
I do desire both with heart and tongue,
Beseeching that you would not stay too long,
And do desire you all your friends to tell,
Old Oliver's become house-keeper in hell.

FINIS.

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